

Stephen Jarrell Williams

Midnight

Opening the window to the vastness beyond the dark
Crisp wind a low sweeping song
Varied and repeated just audible above the hum of earth

A night bird singing in-between the breaths of death and life
Out there the now is
Already calling-calling from inside its distant echo

So much has passed like a myriad of mirages
Grasping at the nothingness for at least one to hold
One to hug and snuggle and tear upon
Somehow becoming real again with the touch

But midnight is a vacuum everywhere
Everything up in its twisting funnel cloud
Uprooting
Casting out
A barrenness left behind
And me

Shining stars above looking down to the pitiful ones
Stuck and staggering upon this land

At the border of a clearing I see more clearly
My spirit low in yesterday
She was mine and electric I glowed
Until the sparks fell silent

Surrounding me now
The bedroom empty

Turn of her hip
A moist memory

Her bare back
A good-bye billboard

Her gaze
Some other place some other person

That last close of her door



All light extinguished

Except a quick flash of remembrance
As to what I did wrong and what made her leave
Her perfect nudity mesmerizing
Her passionate poses
Nonchalant but purposeful

Then
The fight of the flesh to ride the thrill
Attain elation and hold it
Caress it
Capture it into a lasting crystal ball

Then
The fall
Glass shattering into the mush of summer snow

The lightning
The building up
Again and again
The living lunacy of the young

We all have our quota of wrongs
Mistakes that we would take back
If we could in our understanding

And I will not blame her
As she has her own guilts
Her own voices that swayed her

But I will have vivid dreams tonight
Uplifting every hair on my sad body
There's always a longing and hope for another

Leaving the window open into the rise of tomorrow.

Equilibrium

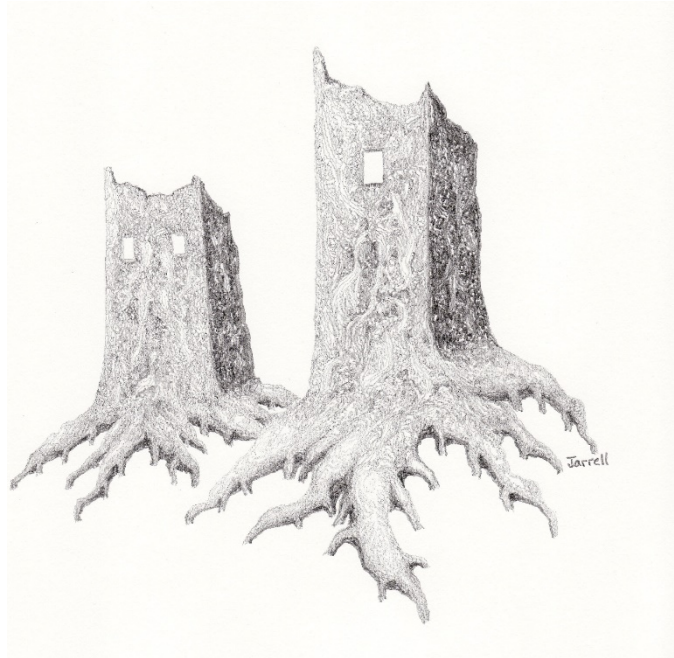
Equilibrium is off
This morning cup of coffee
Stirring in extra sugar
Staring out the window
Toast popping up
Butter only
Having to sit down and hope
The dizziness subsides

At work they're waiting
Bad news of layoffs
Unemployment benefits for maybe a year
But then what?

At my age
I'll never find another full-time job
So it will have to be minimum hours
Not enough money
Social security still years away
If they don't cancel it

We won't get much for the house
Still owe a lot
Wife still sleeping
She works a night shift
Temporary work
She has an idea of what's coming

The car needs brakes
Registration due
Probably won't pass the smog test
We're so lucky to live in California
Won't freeze to death
We'll just steady ourselves
And rot in the corner
With our last sip of forbidden water.



Yesterday Never Really Leaves

I will lose to this world
It is too much in its magnitude of shining mysteries

The truth blinding
The heart burning down the center

As I drive the car off the road
Thumping through tumbleweeds and stalling in sand

The radio goes dead with Elvis
My cell phone melted miles ago

Opening the car door into the awaiting desert
It has always called me since I was a child

She is already taking shape in the heat
A wooden shed with planks hanging like wings

The door squeaks
Floor of splinters and small animal fur

The shadows sway and comfort for my remaining moments
She is whispering

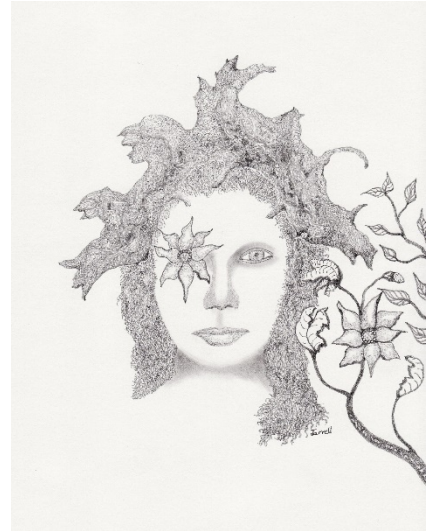
Taking form
She is beautiful and wickedly unbuttons her dress

Slits of sunrays highlight her addicting shape
And the wind arrives with eyes peeking from outside

Her dress falls with dust motes dancing in all directions
Her breasts heave and I am nearly lost

Taking my pistol out and warning her
She smiles and moves into me

Inside of her I explode and we take our last breaths together
Releasing the fragrance of a long ago garden of sins.



Stephen Jarrell Williams loves to write in the middle of the night with a grin and grimace and flame in his heart. He is the editor of Dead Snakes at deadsnakes.blogspot.com